





Admiral Murray has a pacing mare that he expects to make trot a mile in two minutes, by attaching a loaded leather sack to each of her forward feet, and decreasing the weight as she becomes accustomed to the trotting gait. Wouldn't Murray make a good cavalry leader for the Cossacks, since he is such a great horseman—and so rushin' his tastes!

Tux cost of lacerating an alderman's feelings in England is \$25. A verdict for that amount was rendered against the tuxey Combs because it said Alder man Wrenn attended a baby show. Wrenn proved the frightful charge to be completely unfounded and consequently regained the respect of his townmen and also \$25.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's speech at the dinner given to President Hayes in Boston was as follows: "Mr. Mayor, I have to return my sincere acknowledgments for your invitation to attend your most welcome entertainment, and I wish I could express in fitting terms my thanks. But I was always a bad speaker and am more so in my old age. The president, I am sure, will forgive me for endeavoring to sit down."

GOVERNOR CULLOM, of Illinois, has inaugurated his new system of proceeding in cases where pardons are asked for. A convict recently sent to the penitentiary for a year has given public notice that he will accept of a pardon on any given day, and all persons desiring papers thereto are invited to file them at the governor's office, where they will also have an opportunity to examine the papers in the case.

A singular drowning accident occurred at Grand Lake, Nova Scotia, recently. An English girl named Emmett, aged twelve, sat on a log at the shore of the lake to bathe her feet, and getting into a day dream, did not notice that the log had floated out into the lake. Suddenly realizing her position, she lost presence of mind and sprang into the water. Strange to say, this is the sixth child her parents have lost by drowning.

I WILL give to any clergyman in San Francisco \$1,000 in gold to substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the coming of the dawn. They say Tom Paine died in fear, in agony, hearing devils rattle chains in the other room, and that the Infinite God went to work to frighten a dying man. I will give a reward of \$1,000 in gold to anybody who will substantiate the truth of that story.—*Bob Ingersoll.*

DURING the fire of September, 1776, which destroyed so large a portion of lower New York, including old Trinity church, the royal arms were taken from the latter edifice and carried to a place of safety. When the loyalists subsequently emigrated to St. John, New Brunswick, in 1783, they took these arms with them and when Trinity church was built some five years later, here they hung up in the new edifice. Here they remained until the fire of last week destroyed the church and all its contents.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the English actor, has lately had a curious operation performed upon his eye. He was accidentally struck by a sword in the sensitive organ some months ago, while playing Richard III. The wound, however, completely healed, and the physician concluded that some foreign substance must have lodged in the eyeball. The necessary operation was performed and an eyelash was removed, which had been thrust in at the point of the sword. Mr. Sullivan is now recovered.

A MAMMOT concert was given at the Crystal Palace, London, in aid of the Welsh imprisoned miners, and their gallant rescuers. The conductor was Mr. Brinkley Richards, and one of the chief attractions was the singing of solos by the miner who cheered the spirits of his fellow-prisoners by singing hymns to them in their dark dungeon of coal. He sang before the cultivated London audience the same melodies that had supported the rude miners in their hour of trial.

In Paris, in 1713, women wore above their little skulls "edifices of brass, ribbons, hair and all sorts of tawdry rubbish, more than two feet high, and rising their heads seen in the middle of their bodies. If they moved ever so lightly, the edifice trembled and the inconvenience was extreme. The king, Louis XIV., could not endure them, but, master as he was of everything, was unable to banish them. They lasted ten years and more, despite all he could do and say."

The receipts of internal revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30 will reach \$119,000,000, an increase of \$2,000,000 over the receipts of the year ending June 30, 1876. The receipts were estimated at \$120,000,000, and the commissioner of internal revenue thinks this sum would have been exceeded by about \$2,000,000 if it had not been for uncertainty occasioned by the proposition to reduce the tax on spirits. The receipts of the government for the current fiscal year will considerably exceed the expenditures.

WOMAN'S SKEWER.—As house-mistress and as mothers, women have duties to perform quite as important in their results, if not so extensive in their area, as any that fall to the lot of men. As the former, the comfort and happiness of a greater or less number of people depends principally on them; so as the latter, their influence and mold the future generation, and so are the ultimate source whence flow the current of events, and the creators of the characters in which history is to be written. But for the most part they enter on these important duties with no preparation that can be called serious or sufficient, and act as if knowledge comes by the grace of nature.

A NUMBER of American women wrote to Charles Reade, thanking him for his defense of the women doctors in Edinburgh in his new novel. In reply, he acknowledges the courtesy of the letter, and returns the thanks, and says that the letter has given him. The American women who seek to become doctors have not, Mr. Reade, says, obstacles so severe as nature to contend with as their English sisters have. The American women have a higher degree of fortitude, and their nation is too brave, chivalrous, and just to permit in siding with the strong against the weak. Mr. Reade wishes he were twenty years younger and in better health, so that he might become the champion of a cause the success of which he has so close at heart.

## ESTABLISHED 1859

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

Always in your darkest hour strive to remember  
Your brightest—*J. P. R. R.*  
Sing me a song of summer,  
That glorious bright summer,  
For my heart is wintry sad,  
That gloom of winter never,  
Who makes all nature glad!  
Sing me a song of summer,  
That the dark from the light may borrow,  
And the path in the radiant white of things  
May show a little more.

Sing me a song of summer,  
When God walks forth in light,  
And spreads his glowing mantle  
Over the black and the grey of night;  
And where he comes, his quickening touch  
Between the living and the dead,  
And the muffled and frozen pulse of things  
Beneath his hand is dead.

Sing me a song of summer,  
With his banners of golden bloom,  
Who leads back winter's doom,  
With banners of gold and silver,  
And leaves of new display;  
And verdure peeks in his path,  
When he comes with the pride of the May;

When he comes with his gentle sweep  
Over dunes and bow of the wind,  
And makes the stiff earth to wave  
With the soft and the green of the wind;  
With the soft and the green of the wind,  
And the soft and the green of the wind,  
And the soft and the green of the wind,  
And the soft and the green of the wind.

Sing me a song of summer,  
When the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky,  
And the sun is in the sky.

## CATCHING A TARTAR.

"So you want grandpa to tell you a story, do you? Well, you have been a pretty good boy, my lad, and you shall have a yarn—one that your grandpa thinks will remember. I'll be bound. She says I like to spin the yarns as well as you do to hear them, and to tell you the truth, it does remind me of the days that are now past and gone."

"Ah, well, we can't always be young, eh, Betsy? You and I have sailed in company now nigh on to fifty-four years; but you are getting impatient, youngster. You'll get over that when you have drifted about the world as long as I have."

"It was in the year 1830 that I took command of the clipper schooner Mabel. She was a beauty, and a mistake—low, low and rakish, with spars and canvas that would have answered for a boat almost twice her size. She was well manned, carried one gun just about the size of a cannon, and was a good, youngster, she was destined for a dangerous trade—at least dangerous at that time. We were destined for Campeachy, Laguna and Tampico, in the Gulf of Mexico, which was reported as swarming with pirates."

"I owned an interest in the Mabel, and your grandpa then was anxious to take a voyage with me; so, as the commodore was a friend of mine, he came to gratify her; but I never did approve of petticoat on board ship, now—"

"You had better tell your grandpa some number of days ago, and he would have been as good as dead."

"Well, we got away all right, and stood to the southward with a fresh breeze, no incident occurring until I reached Catoche bank. It is a dangerous shoal, and caused me many an anxious moment. I was in the lead, and what with wind and sea and anxiety I was pretty well worn out both in mind and body."

"Your grandpa finally prevailed upon me to take some rest, and, leaving the deck at midnight in charge of the chief mate, I went below, after charging him strictly to call me if any strange sail was in sight."

"I always have thought, and always shall, that the mate fell asleep, taking a pretty long wink, for he came down suddenly, raising me up out of the trawson, where he was sleeping, and saying there was a sail close aboard of us."

"There, grandpa, that will do with that portion of your story. That young fellow knows a great deal of your sea terms."

"You attend to knitting, Betsy, I'll spin the yarn. Your grandpa's figure-head did not have a wrinkle in his eye, and her cheeks were as red as roses."

"When I got on deck there was the stranger close under the stern; and no wonder the mate was excited. He called me, for a sea snake, and I never run across. Bung went a musket shot whizzing by my ears, and he was as good as dead."

Two was increasing, and the pirate expected to see his prey escaping, and suddenly, displaying his entire might, he sprang what was coming, and shed for all hands to lie flat on deck. I, grasping your grandpa round the waist, dove below. I was none the wiser to escape the whistling storm of which tore over the ship. It was the splinters fly, but no one was hurt, and the vessel was not damaged. The Mabel was kept off for Campeachy Bay, which was reached in safety; but do you think we had seen the last of the pirate? I thought so at that time, but we hadn't."

"I succeeded better at Campeachy in disposing of the Mabel's cargo than I expected. The prices were good, the profits large, and I nearly filled her up with a cargo of cochineal, logwood, indigo, and various other goods, which were packed in kegs, and I knew something of the matter."

"I had succeeded so much better than I had hoped for that I resolved to clear for New York direct. I was all ready for sea, but before leaving your grandpa took to his bed, and he died in the night. I was very sorry, but I had to go on."

"It was late in the afternoon when we were in a refreshment saloon or cafe for a cup of coffee and a roll, before pulling off to the ship. A number of persons were coming and going continually, and when I paid no attention—their movements were nothing to me."

"But suddenly I felt Betsy's hand tighten on my arm, which caused me to glance up at her in surprise. Her face was flushed, her eyes d. Springing from the seat, she said to me: 'What is it, wife?' I asked in a low tone."

"Don't look up," she said; "but there under the large lamp in the corner of the room, is that wicked pirate who hailed us and fired at us some weeks ago."

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## THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN, FULTON CO., KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877.

## THE MODERN FARMER.

A New Hampshire correspondent of the Manchester Mirror expresses his views on the desecration of graves thus bluntly:—

"I have been run down the people who occupy them are a long way ahead in the race. We have got on our farms to-day a class of people who can cipher through the algebra, play the piano and boast of acquaintance with the fine arts, but they can't work. They have got fine minds, but their bodies are sickly, puny and weak. To talk the matter plainly, we are bred the bone and muscle out of families until we have got a kind of human Jersey, fine-bred, mid-eyed, and to look at, and put on exhibition not so tender and weak that they are neither for our climate, our work, our circumstances, nor our fathers' way of life."

"It was a clear starlight night; scarcely a cloud was visible; the walls of the town gleamed white and indistinctly in the starlight, while the horizon seaward was clearly defined. No sound was heard except the reverberations of the surf breaking along the beach, or the skipping of a porpoise along the surface of the water. I was alone, and I knew something of the matter."

"The hours rolled slowly on. Midnight came, and, sweeping the horizon with my eyes, I detected two heavy boats pulling rapidly but quietly down the shore directly for the vessel. Youngster, I felt a stern joy as I trained the longline carefully and deliberately upon the calculating rascals, who imagined they were on the point of winning an easy victory. No! I watched every movement through my glass, noted the gleam of their arms as they glittered in the full light of the moon, and could almost count their dark, swart faces."

"The boats were pulling side by side, leading directly for the port bow of the Mabel, and, stepping to the rear of the gun, I glanced along the sights. They were in good range, the opportunity was good, and, applying the match, the old gun poured forth her torrent of missiles, which swept through the crowded ranks of the pirates with deadly effect, judging from the shrieks and groans that were borne to our ears."

"The unexpected reception which they had met with effectually damped the ardor of the assailants, leaving me time and opportunity to make a few shots at the remainder of my plans. At a signal from me, my men jumped to their allotted stations and duties. The anchor was slipped, sail made, and in an inconceivable short space of time the Mabel was under way, careening to the breeze, cutting her way through the foam-crested waves with the speed of a dolphin."

"Then it was the pirates plucked up sufficient courage to discharge their shotguns, and a few shots were fired, but they were of no use. I was almost blind with rage as I darted forward. Some one tried to restrain me, to whisper a word of caution, but I was not to be deterred."

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## THE POPE'S HEALTH.

Late accounts of the Pope's failing health lead to the discussion of his successor. The cardinals, sitting in the conclave the other day, were evidently alarmed about the progress of the Pope's disease, and they discussed the arrangements for holding a conclave, at the Pope's successor is to be elected, ten days after the Pontiff's death.

Up to the eleventh century the Pope was elected jointly by the clergy and the people, the supreme secular authority requiring that the election should receive its sanction. By a decree of Pope Nicholas II., in 1059, the election of the Pope was given to the Cardinal Bishops.

people approving it. The decree of Alexander III., in 1179, vested the power of election exclusively in the college of cardinals, two-thirds of the body securing the election. The council of Lyons, in 1274, prescribed the form of election, so as to exclude secular or political influence. The present peculiar relations of the Roman See to the European powers, makes the election of the next Pope of great importance. Interference from Germany is feared, and also from the Italian government, in consequence of which the election in the event of the death of Pius IX., will be held expeditiously and secretly as possible.

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## THE WAG SITUATION.

The long delay which characterized the Russian operations after they had established their headquarters at Bucharest and arrived on the north bank of the Danube is repeated now that a large proportion of the army is on the south bank. The problem in the first instance was to accumulate stores and war material in sufficiency to provide the army after it had crossed, as then they would cut loose from railroads and occupy a country already stripped of resources by the Turkish forces. Now the problem is to get the provisions over the river. They cannot practice the ordinary system of requisition, as there is nothing to draw upon. They must bring all they want from their base of supplies at Bucharest by wagons over wet, marshy roads, and it across the river, and then cart it to the army,—one of the slowest and most tedious methods of transport.

general advance of the main army until the Russians have taken Rutchak, which is in immediate railroad communication with Bucharest. From this point south there is a railroad through Bulgaria, which the Russians may utilize if they prevent its destruction. Napoleon said an army traveled on its belly, and the truth of the statement is shown by the movements of the Russians since they crossed the Danube. They have gradually forced the Turks back from the south bank of the Danube, west of Rutchak. Their cavalry is already in front of this latter fortress. Shumla is threatened, and Varna is in a state of siege. The whole Quadrilateral is threatened. In the Dobruzhda the Russian troops are gradually forcing their way down to the line of the Danube. One corps has occupied Medjidie, thus cutting off Kustendje from the interior, so that the Dobruzhda force for the first time seriously threatens the Quadrilateral. Meanwhile the Russians still continue to cross the Danube in large numbers. Reinforcements of troops have arrived daily at Bucharest from the north. The Roumanian army is also preparing to cross, notwithstanding the objection of the Roumanian parliament. It is stated that the Russians are forming a second army, to be commanded by the Grand Duke Vladimir, which will advance in the direction of Sophia, and therefore will not be obliged to cross the Danube at all, but will turn them. If this news should be true, this advance will be of the utmost importance, as Sophia is in direct railroad communication with Constantinople. The danger of the situation to the Turks is shown by the manner in which they are hurrying up troops from every quarter to confront the Russian advance. The army of Sultaneyan Pasha recently engaged with the Montenegrins, the forces that were ordered to the Grecian frontier, and even the Arabian troops that recently arrived at Smyrna to reinforce the Asiatic Turkish army, have been hurried over to Constantinople. With such a gathering of the hosts of war, it will soon be impossible for either side to move without collision, so that stirring news from the vicinity of the Quadrilateral may be looked for before long.

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## THE TALL WOMAN IN A RAGE.

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